

DON'T SHOW THIS TO THE WOMEN!

SCIENTIST SAYS (Says he!)

Women are much better than the humble Male!

WOMEN have better memories than men, can hear a little better, are definitely "up" on colour discrimination, and are in no way inferior in average intelligence, Professor Cyril Burt, of University College, London, told H. Robertson Holmes in an interview.

"Psychological tests," Professor Burt said, "have been applied the world over for men and women in large batches. It is very singular that no one has ever taken the trouble to collect the results and sort them out."

"When you begin to do so," he emphasised, "the conclusions suggested are very remarkable."

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Eighty per cent. of women it is officially stated, are more sensitive in touch than the average man.

The simplest test is with mathematical dividers. On the forearm a man can generally distinguish two pricks with the instrument's points as separate if they are about two inches apart. Women are about twice as sensitive.

Although women are so interested in cooking and perfumes, and are quicker at fastening and smelling, men are better at detecting subtle differences with nose and palate.

In sight there are some curious divergences again. There are more women than men both short and long-sighted, and far more women than men have to wear glasses.

But only one woman in a thousand is colour-blind. Among males, although they

do not know it, about one in 30 is colour-blind.

Men win on speed of action, but there are fewer women who are left-handed, stammer, or suffer from a squint.

Of memory we can speak with absolute certainty. The average girl or woman is better than the men.

These new facts will strike you as odd when you turn to the problem of why, out of a list compiled of the 1,000 most outstanding figures in English history (including literature and other spheres), only 55 were women.

"Women cluster much more closely about their average in mental qualities as in height," a scientist explains. "It is not fair to go to the Dictionary of National Biography for a comparison between the sexes. Equally, there are more male than female criminals, imbeciles, and even lunatics."

Before the war, when scientists were conducting their

response to the same word is practically nil.

Modern psychology by the laboratory tests has proved that there is practically no difference between the sexes in mental capacity.

Here are some of the physical distinctions discovered in these tests:—

The average man is 5in. taller and 30lb. to 32lb. heavier than the average woman.

Women have almost twice the sense of touch, and they come out better in tests of hearing.

Women have more defects of sight than men, but blindness seems to be a masculine monopoly.

As to the emotions, women appear to be more on the surface. Men's emotions are more profound and lasting. But women have a lower effervescing point; they bubble over more quickly.

An analysis of the last three Civil Service exams, to be held for the Administrative Class, the Inspectors of Income Tax, and the Executive Group, sheds some interesting light on the female intellect.

In spite of the advance of modern education, the outstanding feature of all three examinations is the unanimous

encompassed by the feminine mind? Even the most capable women wanted to use a "crib."

At the examination for the Executive Group of appointments, which has a syllabus suited to the standard of education in the best of the girls' schools, three hundred girls between the ages of 18 and 19 entered.

Only nine out of the 300 chose higher mathematics, as compared with 120 men out of a total 928. Fifty-six offered lower mathematics, as against 474 of the men.

But what constitutes the average woman? Doctors can even tell you that!

If a woman can walk into a store and buy ready-made clothes that fit better than most gloves, go from there to a lending library, and find it difficult to choose a book because so many please her; if she can usually find what she wants to eat at the top of the menu, and generally enjoys the film in any cinema . . . if, in fact, the world about her fits very well mentally and physically, she is the average woman.

Here is the average woman in detail. She is 34.2 years old. She has been married eight years. She is 5ft. 3in. in height, weighs 8st. 9lb. She is 34in. around the bust, has a 28in.



So That's What You Think!

waist, and is 37in. round the hips.

Unlike the average man, the average woman has no marked favourite colour.

Although the average woman is married at 26 years 4 months, there are 10,414,083 single women in England and Wales, so there's plenty of opportunity!

GO, PARK YOUR MOSS!

THE American Servicemen used in such a phrase as "He have been given a book gyped me." instructing them in the ways of "approaching" inhabitants of Britain. Now we can give you a few of the smart phrases used by Americans, so that you will be able to talk their language. We got this from an American from Chicago.

If a girl at a dance has wavy tresses that get in the way she may be told to "park her moss." The same may be said to a man with long hair, and then it can be taken as an invitation to go to the barber.

A man who is a bore—the sort of man who used to be called a human wash-out—is now called a wet smack. And he deserves it.

A cookie duster is the girl behind the counter of a restaurant or a N.A.A.F.I. canteen who hands out the buns.

If you try to swindle the man from U.S.A. he will at once call you a gyp. The word is also a verb and is shoe."

To treat anybody with disdain or contempt is to "hug" them. Nobody knows why.

If you want to tell an American to hurry, just say to him "Put an egg in your shoe." He knows by that the invitation is to "beat it."

If an American wants to draw your attention to a hat (whether lady's or gent's), he will advise you to "pipe the lid."

There are many others, of course, but these are mainly Middle-West, although the phrases are known all over America. If you want to raise a storm you can tell a New Yorker that "Chicago is the greatest city" in America.

And if you want to irritate a native of Chicago, tell him that you don't like the Loop district in that fair town. But you can say anything you like about Pittsburgh—provided you "put an egg in your shoe."

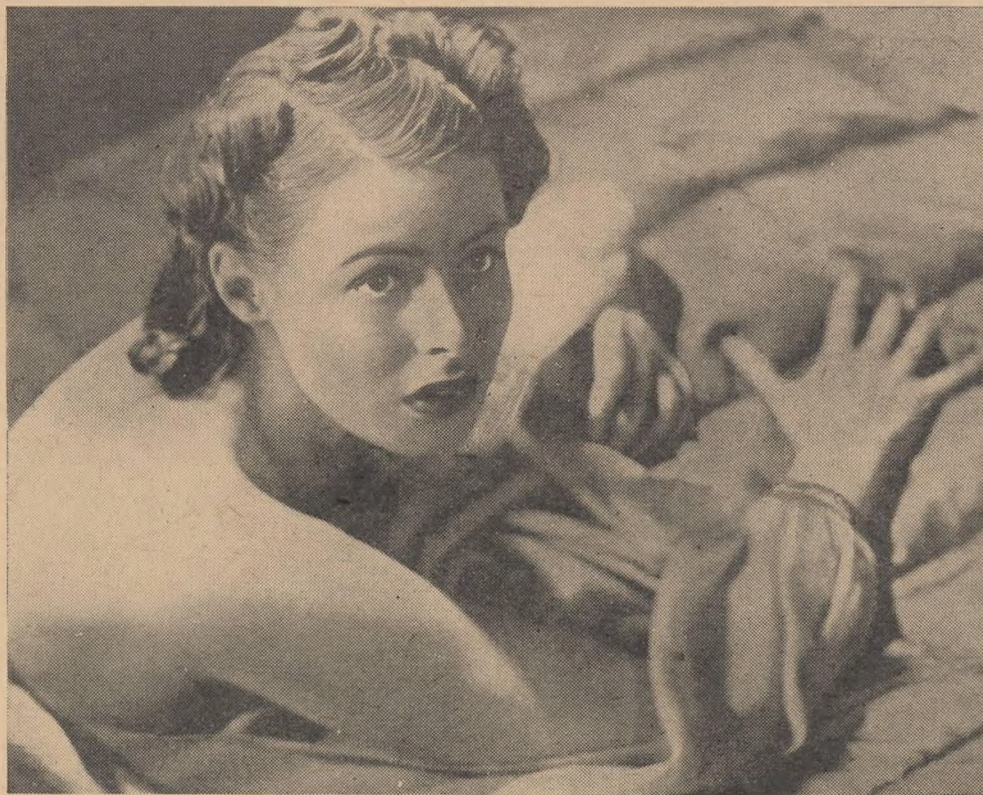
BUT GRAN'MA KNOWS BEST



AND JUMPING TO THE FRONT PAGE EVEN THE SHIP'S CAT JOINS IN!

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Well, I'm Female myself."



first mental tests, and first began giving test words to students to see what associations they made in the mind, the average man's response to the word "street" was something like this: Motor-car, golf, race-course, carburettors, income-tax, elections.

The average woman's response was: Policeman, shop, hat, wave, tea, kitchen, milkman, cream, pram.

To-day the difference between a man's and a woman's

aversion of women to mathematics. They will tackle the most abstruse subjects, but not that kind of figure!

One woman chose at the examination for the Administrative Class moral philosophy, metaphysics, Latin language, Roman civilisation, Greek language, and Greek civilisation, but mathematics was religiously avoided. Several men offered logic as a subject.

Is there something in mathematics which cannot be

PHOOEY TO FEMALES!

HIGH BIDS FOR BLOOD AND THUNDER

THE British Museum has just taken possession of the biggest collection of blood-and-thunders in the world, the 6,000-piece library of boys' papers amassed by Barry Ono, who used to be known as the "Penny Dreadful King."

Fine first editions and precious literary manuscripts, always worth money in the sale-room, have now been joined by that pal of our boyhood, the schoolboy thriller.

At Sotheby's recently, a parcel of old schoolboy shockers fetched £60; and when a single rare "3d. special" came before the rostrum the excited agents of rich collectors bid up to £27. A set of the "Adventures of Jack Harkaway," dating back nearly 100 years, and another 1d. set dealing with Spring-Heeled Jack fetched equally high prices.

The older the better, is the keynote as yet of the lurid "penny dreadful" market, but some astute collectors are buying up "Sexton Blakes" and "Gems" and "Magnets" at cheap rates in the belief that they will acquire equal value a few years from now.

A single publishing house used to turn out three or four different boys' papers every day of the week. In my own collection I'm especially proud of my early "Nelson Lees" and "Marvels," with the adventures of Jack, Sam and Pete.

I can trace back my "Union Jacks" to the hectic stories of Azeff the Anarchist; and I prize my 3d. "Surprise," with its story of the White City under the Sea.

Bargains of this type are still to be found in the cellars of old newspaper and confectionery shops. For real value, however, you've got to hunt back to the 1860-1900 period of Sweeney Todd and Moonlight Jack, the "Duvals" and "Deadwood Dicks."

One collector began as a businesslike schoolboy by hiring out sets of boys' papers at 1d. per week. Eventually he exchanged his entire lending library for a bicycle. Later in life, when he became an enthusiast, it cost him £300 to build up a similar library.

Highbrows of the literary world, too, have recently taken up the penny-dreadful cult. A famous monthly review staged a spirited argument to decide whether one man could possibly write a long schoolboy story a week for thirty years.

Beneath The Surface



117 67

TWO sets of figures, which apparently do not convey anything, yet to a member of one of our Expeditionary Forces they might mean the whole world.

117 is the code number for "Glad and proud to hear of your decoration, everybody thrilled."

67 means "My thoughts and prayers are ever with you." And if you read through the list of 118 "Texts," as they are called, they will mean something to you and to those whom you hold dear.

Whoever drew up the list, with its all-embracing phrases, knew more than a little of human psychology, and much more than a lot about the spirit of our nation.

Just read these messages, and while you read them, remember what they are to fighting men, to men who are enduring untold hardships, fighting with their backs to the wall sacrificing their very lives. These messages answer the question as to the kind of men who are doing it.

"You are more than ever in my thoughts at this time."

"Fondest love, darling."

"Delighted to hear you are safe and well."

Frank Richards, of the famous "Magnet" and "Gem" series, then revealed that he had actually accomplished this feat.

Generations of authors have, in fact, lived by writing for schoolboys. Schoolboy heroes, too, live from one generation of boys to another. Most men have happy memories of Sexton Blake and Tinker in the "Union Jack Library."

Yet Tinker dates back to 1860 boys who read of Jack Harkaway and his boy Tinker, and I have an 1899 "U.J." which doesn't even mention Sexton. He seems to have evolved from a forgotten character called Dick Danvers.

And who to-day can remember "Varney the Vampire" or the "Bad Boys' Paper"?

(PETER DAVIS.)

With AL MALE

"Keep smiling."
"Love to Daddy."
"Our thoughts are with you."
"Love to all the family."
"Best wishes to all at home."
Human documents. . . . What anxiety is allayed when one of them is received . . . what visions are conjured up . . . what heights of heroism are reached when the recipient knows that the folks at home are all right and that he is never out of their thoughts!

MASS THINKING.

Remember that these messages are available to millions. They are not chosen to please a few sentimentalists.

They were compiled as being representative of the thoughts of the majority, and their popularity proves conclusively that the heart of this England is still sound . . . and will remain so, as long as home and loved ones communicate with their far-away members in this loving, sincere manner.

Nor is it a case of carrying one's heart on one's sleeve. These greetings mean the fundamentals of life.

The things which restore men's sanity after periods of insane warfare.

The things which strong men ponder over in seconds of relaxation . . . which give them new hope and determination when all seems hopeless . . . which raise them to heights with the gods . . . to perform superhuman feats. . . .

ODD CORNER

"OLD Father Antic, the law," as Falstaff called it, gets up to some curious tricks. Some time ago the mummy of an Egyptian king, bound for the British Museum, was taxed at Marshes as "dried fish," because that was the nearest provision for mummies made in the excise laws. Criticism was abundant, so that the next mummy to arrive in England was registered as a "corpse," and as such had to be buried within twenty-four hours. It was duly buried—and then dug up again.

About 1935 there was trouble in Whitehall about the importation of Chinese birds' nests for making soup. The officials agreed that it was neither a natural product nor a raw material. After some hours of deliberation someone suggested that they were "vegetables." The head of another department objected. They did not grow like vegetables, he maintained, and were definitely a "fabrication." A higher official still considered that they came under "building materials," but the question was never satisfactorily settled.

Imported "puffs" are taxed, but the same articles may enter duty-free under the name of "pads." Lavender "on the stalk" is classed as a flower, but if it drops off it becomes a "vegetable." And so the law wags.

And when the din and excitement is over, it is these messages which are more than any laurel wreath or decoration.

They are the healing balm, whether they bring a sigh or a smile . . . a touch of all that means Happiness and Content . . . a throb of the heart of England, radiated across the world to one of her sons.

Englishmen do not volunteer for killing unless forced to by circumstances. Some don't even volunteer in any case.

That is something we cannot discuss here.

I am not concerned as to how a chappie comes to find himself miles from home, with a rifle as his best friend, a torpedo as his token of contempt for enemy shipping, or a bomb as a knocker-up of already rudely awakened Axis inhumans.

What I am pointing out is that though we fight heroically in every sphere . . . though we refuse to admit defeat even when the limit of human endurance has been passed . . . and though in the process we have at times to sink below the level of the fiercest animals . . . yet, at the very first opportunity we shed all our inhumanity; write, cable, or do any darn thing to get a word of greeting home . . . wait impatiently for a reply, and then—knowing that all is well at the other end, shrug our shoulders, readjust our packs, and with heavy feet, but a lighter heart, wait the coming of the next bit of Hell.

It's a grim, unnatural life.

OUR TRUE SELVES.

But it will never be our permanent idea of living, so long as these greetings are interchanged.

No, sirs . . . quite the reverse, in fact.

Thank God our national desires are for altogether different things.

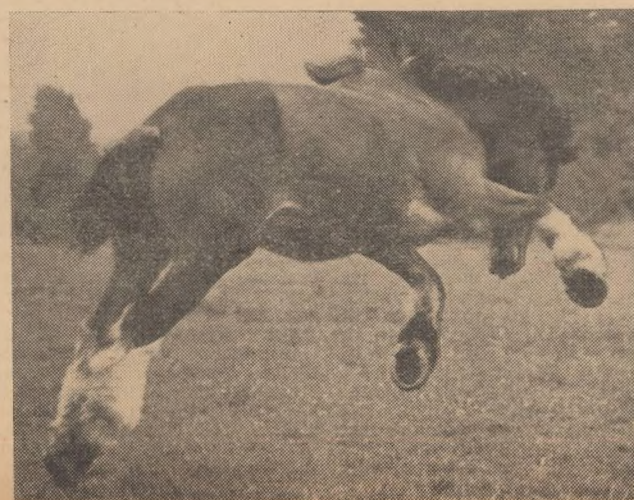
The sheet anchor of our sanity . . . the corner-stone of our Empire is Home and loved ones, and because all true love as this comes from the one Source, unshakable Divine Love, so long will our national spirit be unshakable.

If may be slightly sentimental, but to me it is a very sound foundation.

Perhaps because I have just cabled some figures to my son, in reply to his cable, "Wings parade to-day."

Cheerio and Good Hunting, chaps.

WHOA THERE, BEAUTY!



PUZZLE CORNER

FILM STARS

Here are some famous film actors. The letters are in the right columns, but not in the right lines. Can you find them?

W T R G G S O K
L O L O N O O N
C A B B H A I O
S A S I E L L N
R A R A R O O E
M A U T H T L L
R C T S B E N M
M O L H H L E N

34	21	43
38	28	32
26	49	23

(Note that twisting the two numbers in the end row does not alter the total.)

Solution to Numerical Puzzle in S 27.

Norma 19
Audrey . . . 15
Violet 6
Yvonne 4

[Five years later Audrey (20) equalled Violet (11) plus Yvonne (9); and four years later still Norma (28) equalled Violet (15) plus Yvonne (13).]

Solution to Numerical Puzzle in S 27.

The corrected square (each now totalling 98), with the three twisted numbers underlined, is as follows:—

MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

She was a kicking mare

SHE came into the stable as a "three-year-old," a lively tempered filly that required careful watching lest she took to vicious habits. "Whoa, Gypsy!" Bill said, and clapped his hand on her flank.

Her tail swung round, up went a pair of heels, and Bill remarked, "We've given you a good name, anyhow!" and stepped cautiously out of the stall.

She was given all the courses allotted to a youngster, from "bitting" to "traces," and always her heels went up at the least provocation.

"I'm afraid she'll turn out a wrong'un," commented the boss; which remark proved to be too true, for at "four-year-old" Gypsy had developed into a vicious "kicker."

She would kick out at anything or anybody that came within reach of her heels; and one night, when the boss came into the stable and was greeted with a pair of heels dangerously close to his face, he decided it was time to get rid of the ill-tempered mare.

"She's a bit fresh," was Bill's dry comment, for he didn't want to part with the handsome grey. "But mebbe we can cure her of her bad habits!"

"You can't cure a kicking horse, Bill—you know that as well as I do. I'll have to get rid of her before someone gets killed."

The boss walked away, and Bill stood looking awhile at the mare. "It's worth trying," he told himself, and set about filling a bag of chopped straw.

Having packed it tight and solid, he fastened a length of chain round the mouth of the bag.

Then, taking the mare out of her stall for a few minutes, he slung the bulky bag of chop to the ceiling just behind Gypsy's stall. He led her back in, and skipped nimbly out of the way of her heels.

The mare glanced sideways at the hanging bag of chop just behind her tail. Her ears went back and her heels went up, sending the bag swinging to the ceiling.

It swung down again on its length of chain, catching Gypsy squarely on the rump. She started to kick in earnest now, while Bill looked on, hoping "it would work."

For a solid half-hour the vicious animal kicked, plunged and squealed, her temper really aroused, as the swinging pendulum came bumping into her tail. At the end of the half-hour she had thrown herself down in temper, and lay sweating and panting on her trampled bed. She had lost the first round.

But Bill didn't expect to cure a really bad-tempered kicker in half an hour, and he left the bag hanging behind her.

She would go for several days without offering to set that bag swinging. Then, apparently forgetting herself, would strike out impulsively, and again the bag of chop would bump her.

But never again did she match her endurance against that swinging bag, and soon Bill could set it going while the mare went on munching her corn, as though bored by the thing.

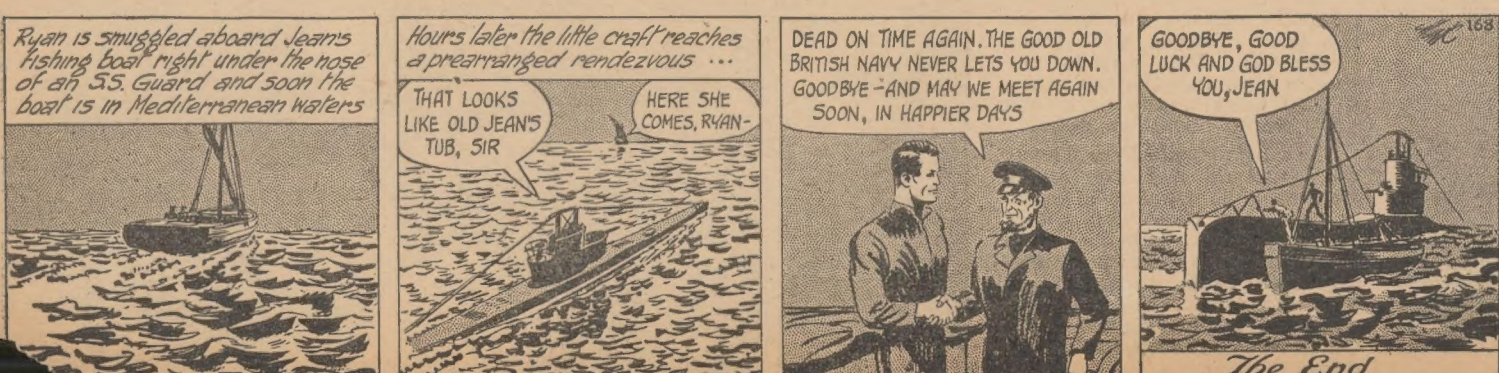
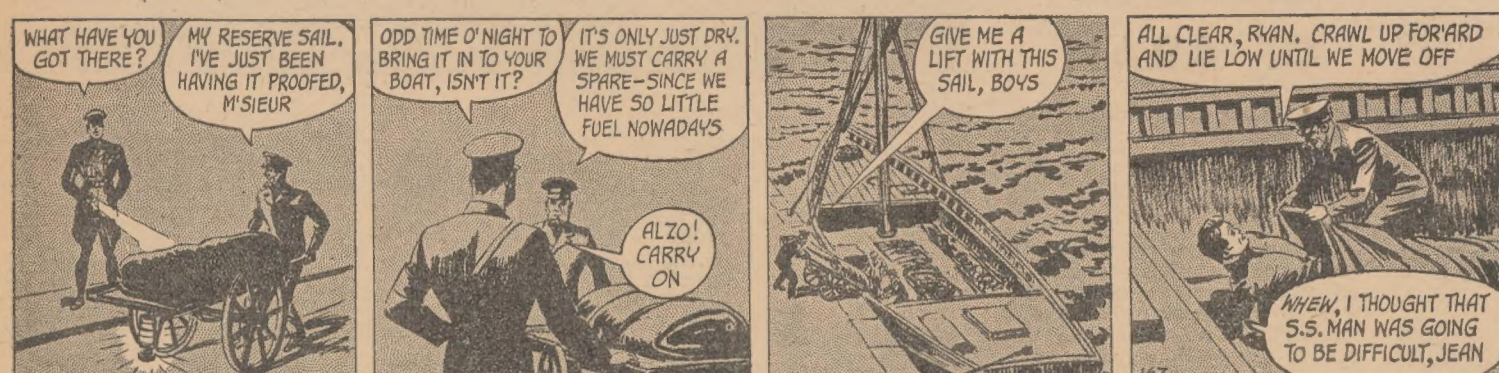
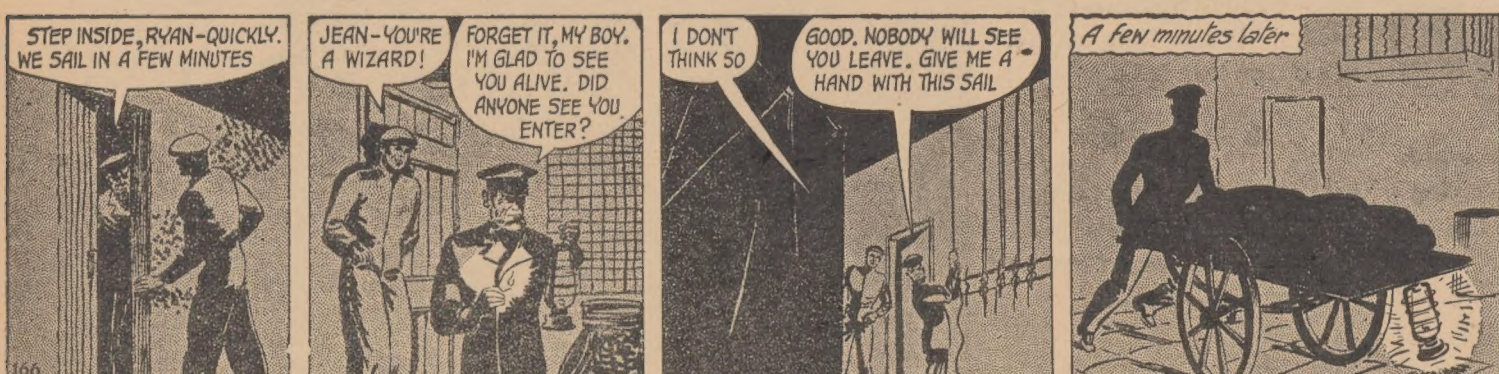
A month later Bill stroked his hand against her dappled back, and Gypsy turned her head to give him a friendly look. She had forgotten her former method of greeting.

Send your—
Stories, Jokes
and Ideas
to the Editor

WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's Picture Puzzle. Last week's was a magnified view of paper clips.

BUCK RYAN



Do you know?

By W. H. MILLIER

THAT nobody has yet discovered the date of the first horse-race meeting?

THAT it is highly probable that horse-racing was in existence in Eastern countries long before it came into being here?

THAT there is mention of a race meeting held in 1585, not three miles from Salisbury, at which the then Earl of Cumberland won "the gold bell valued at £50 and better" on condition that he brought it to be competed for the following year?

THAT there was racing in Oliver Cromwell's time, and Cromwell died in 1658?

THAT King William III attended a spring meeting at Newmarket, at which the chief Ministers of State and half the Dukes in the Kingdom were known to be present? The French Ambassador of that day also attended. William the Third's accession to the throne dates from 1689.

THAT it was Queen Anne who gave permission for racing to be held on Ascot Heath?

THAT the first Ascot meeting was held in 1711?

THAT the race for the Derby at Epsom was originated by the 12th Earl of Derby in 1780?

THAT the winner of the first Derby was Sir C. Bunbury's Diomed, ridden by S. Arnall?

THAT Isinglass won the richest prize ever run for on the English Turf?

THAT this was the Jockey Club Stakes of 1894, which, with a surplus, was worth £11,302?

THAT the largest attendance at a football game was 149,547 for the international match between Scotland and England at Hampden Park on April 17, 1937?

THAT Jack Hobbs in 1925 scored 16 centuries, the record for one season of first-class cricket?

THAT Hobbs, whose active career lasted from 1905 to 1934 in first-class cricket, scored 61,221 runs and made 197 centuries?

THAT Hobbs, with 316, set up the largest individual score made at Lords? This was in the Surrey v. Middlesex match, 1926.

THAT in the previous year the record of 315 was made by Holmes in the Yorkshire v. Middlesex match?

THAT Hedley Verity, the Yorkshire and England bowler, who died of wounds in Sicily, set up a record in 1932 when he took all ten wickets for ten runs in the second innings of the Yorkshire v. Notts match?

THAT the record for a first-wicket partnership is 555 runs by H. Sutcliffe and P. Holmes in the Yorkshire v. Essex match at Leyton in 1932? Sutcliffe scored 313 and Holmes 224.

THAT the last-wicket record is by A. F. Kippax and H. Hooker, who compiled 307 at Melbourne in 1928?



Jack Hobbs on form.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

THE ARAN ISLANDS

"Great seas do be coming in all the day and every night, running here from the broad Atlantic and the Americas beyond."

Below you have Dara Dirrane, famed story teller of the Islands. The stories are handed down from father to son.



Grandpa is making "pampooties"—raw-hide shoes threaded round the edges with string; they give a grand grip on the rocks of the Islands.



Sean Peadar Seamus is me name. It's a long name. It's a fine boy it is.

✦ ✦ ✦

On the right is Naneen, herself, and there's none is more clever than Naneen at the spinning.

THE MEN OF ARAN

MILES out from Galway Bay, without shelter from the long Atlantic rollers, are the Aran Islands, home of hardy simple people living a hard simple life.

In the picture on the right you see the primitive conditions on the Islands. When you want to put your horse into a "field," you take down a great gap in the wall, so that your horse can get in. You then build up the wall again.

In this picture, you can see the gaps between the stones in the wall. This is to let the storms blow through the gaps; if they were solidly built, the walls would be blown down.

The winds on the Aran Islands are incessant, and the houses have no windows—but to make up for this, they have doors on both sides, and the side from which the winds are blowing have their doors closed. You can always tell the way the wind is blowing by seeing which side of the houses has the doors shut.



The Kelp burners at the kiln. Seaweed washed up by the wild winter sea is dried and burned. Kelp is the source of commercial iodine, and one of the main industries of the men of Aran.

